

# ERNEST AND EUSTACE.

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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One had mild beauty like some blue-eyed girl's,  
And red lips half apart ;  
With midnight in his eye and on his curls,  
The other awed the heart.

The fair boy's mind was like a dreamy haze  
Around a lonely lyre ;  
But ah, that dark youth ! in his restless gaze  
There was too much of fire.

Each had a form and face of faultless mold—  
But classic charms may bear  
A something sad, and shadowy and cold :  
This did their features wear.

One loved the grandeur of the whirlwind's rush,  
And the pine forest's gloom ;  
And one the starlight and the sunset's blush.  
And the young rose's bloom.

True to their natures, one climbed splendid heights,  
And heard wild winds wail there,  
And braved the storms of many blackened nights,  
To see fame's lightnings glare !

And shaded his dark beauty with a wreath  
That burned his lonely brow ;  
The other chose a quiet home beneath  
The myrtle tree's green bough.

The daring wanderer on the steep of fame  
Grew weary in his pride—  
Turned from the echo of his worshiped name,  
And cursed his gods—and died !

The peaceful dreamer in the vales of love,  
Lived in the light of smiles,  
And, with a murmured blessing, passed above  
To rest in starry isles.

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